

Explained +

Creation where nature's home is in the Andes. Mr. Call,
(afterward to become Sir Titus Call!) made a fortune by
his discovery; & that his work-people should benefit
by his wealth, he ^{resolved to} transported them from the
crowded towns to a lovely spot in the Andes valley.
Here he built a palace-like factory, & towns with
many streets of good houses, with schools, a chapel,
Sunday schools, public baths & wash-houses,
a park, & a most ^(open & clean, however) liberally conducted Institute, -
everything a philanthropist could provide
for the advantage & comfort of his people.
In 1853 all was ready; & on his fiftieth birthday,
Mr. Call led his people out of Bradford to their
new home with colours flying & bands playing;
& with much feasting & rejoicing, the mill people
took possession of the bright little town of Saltaire.
A bright, fresh little town it is still; even the
great factory is not yet begun, & the two monster
engines, bright & beautiful as a drawing-room
clock, are kept under glass in the delight of
passers-by. Many kinds of stuff besides alpaca
are made in this great factory; every kind of
wool used in the woollen manufacture is, as
we have seen, collected here. But Saltaire
has been so much written about that it need
hardly delay us longer.

Nalijax.

We have no space to notice the dozens of smaller towns & clothing villages which gather round Leeds & Bradford, the two great centres.

Passing over the long backs of one here & another, or being carried through the hearts of the hills by no less than four tunnels, we come at length to a town in a valley shaped exactly like a deep basin, with bare steep hills shutting it in on all sides. This is Nalijax, the third in importance of the West-riding clothing towns. The hill-slopes & the valley-brills with chimneys, for the wealthy Nalijax manufacturers carry on their works with great spirit, show wooded & woollen as well as cotton factories scattered throughout this large parish which extends as far as Todmorden. One curious branch of Nalijax trade is that with South America, the mill-owners having early learned to cater for the tastes of the South American Indians. The manufactures of the town are very various & interesting - materials for curtains, table-covers, dresses, &c.; the Messrs. Crossley's, the largest mill in the town, is a great carpet-factory which employs above 3,000 hands. The action of the loom in forming the deep rich covers the surface of Brussels' carpet - & what may be called the 'sheering' of the carpet known as 'velvet-pile' are interesting processes to watch. All kinds of carpets are made here. Before the use of machinery in factories became general, Nalijax was the centre of the Yorkshire woollen works. In early days, English wool was bought at high rates by the Flemish merchants; for no other wool was so much esteemed by the clothiers. But English-made cloths & shropps were as much despised as English wool was esteemed.

Again, the mass of the north broke into open rebellion
under their old leaders. But Henry had parried this
and was ready for them. Troops were sent northwards
under the Duke of Norfolk, to whom the king wrote, "Our
pleasure is that before you close upon banners again
you shall cause such dreadful execution to be
done upon a good number of the inhabitants
of every town, village, hamlet, that have offended in
this rebellion, as well by the hanging them up
in trees, as by the quartering of them, the setting
of their heads & quarters in every town, - as they may
be a fearful spectacle to all others hereafter that
would practice any like matters; which we require
you to do without pity or respect according to our
former letters."

The insurgents made unsuccessful attacks on
Carlisle & Skipton: their leaders were taken prisoners.
At Sybourn, James Kell, Smithfield, Lincoln, Hull
the leaders were beheaded. Robert Aske, & that unhappy
Lancaster herald who bent his knee to him, were
executed together at York; & as to the common
people, no doubt the royal "pleasure" was very fully
carried out.

Pomfret Castle played a memorable part during
the Civil War; it was held for the King, sustained
the successive sieges from the Parliamentary
forces towards the end of the war, Scarborough &
Pomfret were the only strongholds remaining to the
King. The King died, Pomfret was the first place to
cry 'Long live the King, proclaiming Charles'; it
was not until after a six months' siege, when
five fifths of their numbers had fallen, that the
Parliamentary forces capitulated. The Roundheads, according to
their custom, dismantled & demolished the Castle, but the
demolition was necessary after the heavy cannonading it had
received.

The Beauty of the Don.

The Don has its two sources - the Don & the Little Don - in the bleak uninteresting hills which lie to the south of the parish of Penistone. Its beginning is unimpressive but soon the Don carries us into very lovely scenery, as beautiful in its own way as are the picturesque dales of the west & the north-east. But the beauty here is of a softer, gentler type, wide valleys, short & by low hills & with the crowning grace which the moorlands lack, regions lack, abundant verdure & really fine trees, with clumps of beech & oak, & noble isolated trees. Crewick a native of Sheffield has illustrated this lovely country very fully. Silketon, the centre of an important coal-field, lies in the midst of this pleasant country, & has an interesting church, with a monument to Sir Thomas Wentworth & his lady. At Wentworth Park, lower down the valley, Sir Thomas lived much, & was ever glad to take refuge here from his anxious schemes to sustain a falling cause & "an ungrateful king," in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring - as he writes. But to return, Wharfedale Woods in the southern bend of the river, or the beauty & boast of the Don Valley, it would be hard to match in Surrey itself the delicious expanse of the wooded landscape as seen from the terrace running along the rocks known as Wharfedale Crags. Below the terrace is the 'Dragon's Den', a wild & picturesque access in the rocks, as striking

the well known Pontefract liquorice.

It was to its castle that Pontefract owed its ancient fame, a castle that, for 600 years, was the glory & the terror of South Yorkshire. When the conqueror subdued Yorkshire, he granted the lands of this district to one Albert de Lacy, who, finding a high rock which commanded the river, raised upon it a renowned stronghold, from which he kept much of the West-Riding in subjection. An immense castle it was, surrounded by a high wall, flanked by seven towers; & without, was a deep moat to be crossed by a drawbridge. There were dungeons in the keep; one of them, it is said, to be reached only through a hole in the chamber above. Whenever rebellion or civil war broke out in the Northern counties, both sides struggled for the possession of this stronghold, & that is why the name of Pontefract plays so large a part in English history.

Saint Thomas of Lancaster.

Pontefract first becomes the scene of an important historical event in connection with Thomas of Lancaster, a mighty baron, the favourite of the king, (Henry III.), the lord of five earldoms, who dwelt at his castle of Pontefract with the clat de prince. He was the people's friend; & not only in Yorkshire, but throughout England, men looked to him to deliver them from the burden of heavy & unjust taxation, which the king Edward II., had imposed to maintain himself & his favourites in idle pleasures. One of these favourites was Peter Gaveston, a glib-tongued foreigner, who thought little of venturing England's peace & the exasperated barons, even at all times both to foreigners & to favourites, was under Thomas of
Lancaster.

Lancaster, followed Gaveston & Scarborough Castle where he had taken refuge, took the Castle, secured their prisoners, & carried him to Blacklow Hill near Warwick, where he was beheaded by order of Lancaster. The king dissembled his wrath after awhile, & a peace was patched up, the victorious barons entering on the royal pardon at Westminster.

But new favourites soon provoked the jealousy of the barons & the murmurs of the people. This time, two De C Spencers, father & son, who had been in the first place dependents of Thomas of Lancaster. Again the barons rose under Lancaster, but this time, to be defeated. A battle was fought at Boroughbridge on the Ouse, Lancaster was taken & was carried down the Ouse to York & thence to his own castle of Pontefract, which the king had seized. There he was tried as a traitor before Edward II, & condemned to death.

The high ground above the castle is known to this day as St. Thomas's Hill. Thither he was led on a grey pony, the crowd pelting him with mud. "King of heaven!" he cried, "grant me mercy, for my earthly king hath forsaken me!" Having reached the top of the hill, he was beheaded (1322).

The people had, more than once, blamed the earl for taking too much upon himself; but his death cancelled his failings, & thenceforth, he was a martyr who had suffered for the public good. Soon it got about - that miracles were wrought at his tomb, the sick & suffering crowded with offerings to the Priory Church of Pontefract where he was buried. In vain, walled ovens were set to watch the tomb; news of pretended miracles continued to be spread abroad, & more than one embassy was sent to the pope, begging for the canonization of the great earl. Whether such canonization took place is open to doubt, but it is as Saint Thomas that the great earl is remembered.

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in the throat by a headless arrow. There is reason
to doubt this story of the death of Rutland for a
youth of seventeen who was then was more likely
to fall in the thick of the fight than to be carried off
to field by his schoolmates.

Within twenty miles from Wakefield to the north-west
is the village of Barton, between that village & Saxton,
is a meadow, where the grass is rich & rank, there is
a thicket of wild roses, red & white growing together in
loose clusters. This meadow was the scene of
the most bloody battle ever fought on English ground.
Again, an army of the north had gathered under the
banner of the Red Rose to the number, it is said, of
sixty thousand. The leaders were the earls of Northumberland
& Westmoreland, & the great nobles of the north & north.
Henry & Queen Margaret, meanwhile, remained in
safety at York, some eight miles off. An almost
equal army was gathered under the White Rose of York.
They had the count of Arundel in their midst, &
Edward, the son of the slain York, had been duly
crowned in Westminster as Edward IV. Moreover,
they had the Earl of Warwick, the 'King Maker'.

At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon - the
29th of March, 1461, the eve of Palm Sunday - it is said
that the two armies met, & fought blindly ~~on~~
through the night, & on into the quiet of Palm Sunday,
the snow falling thick all the time, & laying a
decent sheet over the slain. No quarter & no pity
was the order on both sides. At first, they fought
with arrows, but the arrows missed in the blinding
snow, & the men threw aside their bows, & drew
their

their swords, & a terrible hand to hand struggle began. At last, the Lancastrians began to give way, retreating in order until they reached the little river Coek. Swift winds round the 'Bloody Meadow', was at this time swollen by heavy rains. They descended both rivers by a very steep road; the men from behind fell headlong upon those in front, & so many perished in the water that the rest crossed on the dead bodies of their comrades. The slaughter was fearful - even if it fell below the 40,000 of traditional report. ~~Half the~~ Nearly half the Lancastrians fell, including Northumberland & others of their leaders. The Earls of Devon & Gloucester were taken prisoners & headed at York, where their heads placed the Whitelegged Bar. The Dukes of Somerset & Beaufort escaped to York with the fatal news in time to secure the retreat of the king & queen into Scotland.

Memories of Pontefract.

O Pontefract, Pontefract! A town bloody prison.
Fatal &ominions to noble peers!" Rich. III.

Before quitting the Aire valley, we must visit the town of Pontefract, a place of extraordinary historical interest. It is a clean pleasant-looking town where, on Saturdays, is an important market for corn & cattle. A rather unusual crop is raised in the neighbourhood: long ridges of a pretty plant with feathery leaves appear in the fields: for four years this plant - is allowed to grow & then it is pulled up by the roots, long roots, reaching ten or twelve feet into the ground. These roots are powdered, & the juice expressed is mixed with dark lozenges stamped with the Pontefract seal.

him that he should resign on the rest of his life, but that at his death, the Crown should pass to the House of York. Henry agreed, but his wife, Queen Margaret, was unwilling to sacrifice the claims of her son, Edward Prince of Wales. The House of Lancaster had many friends in the north, making York her rallying place, the Queen raised a northern army of 18,000 men. Many powerful nobles joined her standard - the Lords Clifford & Neville, the Earl of Northumberland & of Wiltshire, the Duke of Somerset & Exeter. She better trained his army, she had proclaimed to her forces liberty to plunder the country south of the Trent.

The Duke of York set out from London to meet her, with no more than four thousand men. Situated on a tree covered hill nearly two miles from Wakefield, are still to be seen some fragments of Sandal Castle, at that time a prison belonging to Richard. Here he took up his quarters to wait for the arrival of his son, Edward, Earl of March, with a contingent from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but failed before the castle. She then placed troops in ambush on either side of Wakefield Green, under the command of Lord Clifford & the Earl of Wiltshire; & appearing before the castle with the main body of her army, with many banners, & missiles she provoked the Duke to battle. So he left the protection of Sandal Castle & descended with his small army upon the Green. "But," says Hall, "when he was in the plain ground between his castle & the town of Wakefield, he was environed on every side like a fish in a net or a deer in a buckstall, so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain & dead, & his whole army discomfited." - - -

with him died, besides his noble friends, two thousand
eight hundred others, whereof many were young gentlemen
sons of great parentage in the south part. Whose horrid
revenge their deaths within 4 months met with
medially ensuing."

But Clifford, whose father had been slain at the battle
of Tewkesbury, had taken oath that he would not leave
alive a man of the house of York; and, "In slaughtering
him at Wakefield, he was called the butcher" (Hutton).
The story goes, that he came to the place where York lay
dead & covered with wounds, who struck off the
head, set on it a crown of paper, & so placed it on
a pole & presented it to his queen; at which present
was much joy, but many laughed then that
soon lamented after. The Queen had the head
carried to York, & fixed upon Micklegate Bar -

"So York may overlook the town of York."
Another bit is told of Clifford's ferocity in this
battle. While the fight was raging, the young Earl of
Buckingham, the second son of Richard of York, 'a fair
gentleman & a maiden-like person', was sent
secretly led away from the field by his schoolmaster.
But the two were espied by Clifford who demanded
who the boy was. The young gentleman, dismayed,
had not a word to speak, but knelt on his knees
imploving mercy, both with holding up his hands
& making dolorous countenance, for his speech
was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his schoolmaster,
'for he is your son & may serve you yet.' With
that word, Clifford marked him, & said, 'My father
slew mine as will I do thee & all thy kin,' whereon
he seized his dagger & slew the boy. Three months
later, Clifford himself fell on the eve of Tewkesbury.